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Judge

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IT'S A LONG TIME BETWEEN DRINKS.

Atlantic (*to Pacific*)—"'Twill be a merry day, neighbor, after all these canal *delays*, when we shall be able to clink glasses together."

Judge

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THE QUICK LUNCH would be all right if its quickness were only in the digestion.

* * *

THE MAN who is able to bite off more than he can chew must be singularly equipped with teeth.

* * *

THE TIME spent in waiting for a good thing to turn up may be money, but it is not the kind that will ever buy many wedges of the pie of the realm.

* * *

THE TURKISH outbreaks and massacres are taken very seriously by people who do not pause to reflect that murder and carnage are to Turkey what golf and tennis are to America.

* * *

ANY MAN, be he of a marine, an inland, or an amphibious temperament, will be more than glad to see the Atlantic and the Pacific connected by a canal at Panama. From a purely commercial point of view, the average American, be he a born or a made American, will execute the saraband of joy that stands for all-round, gilt-edged prosperity—the kind of prosperity that scatters so beautifully that everybody and everything is either directly or indirectly hit by it. This canal business has suffered so much and so keenly at the hands of lukewarm and procrastinating legislators that after a while the canal's, like the law's, delay may become a popular figure of speech. We can well fancy the scaly form of Neptune rising from the Atlantic and the spirit of Balboa bobbing serenely from the Pacific in a grand double-barreled effort to clink glasses after the genial manner of our old friends, the governors of North and South Carolina, when the proper time arrives. Let us trust that the longed-for and much-desired red-letter day is not far distant when this glad dream may be realized to the full, to the end that the merchant marine may disport on the crest of the wave of fortune on which it at present undeniably enjoys an option.

* * *

PROSPERITY is frequently the recipient of many hard knocks and kicks, and it often happens that it looks like anything but a winner in the rough-and-tumble conflict into which it is drawn by the shifting and side-stepping of circumstances and conditions. Prosperity is an old gladiator, and one that may be relied upon to come out first in the end. At the present time the pessimism of the speculators who bit off more than they could masticate is much in evidence. And we are consequently asked to believe that the recent slump in Wall street should be accepted by manufacturers and wage-earners as convincing evidence of the decline of the good times for which all appreciative men are more than solicitous. These calamity trumpeters, to borrow and paraphrase a figure of our greatest sage and seer, know better than they bark. They know that the merchant and the farmer, from one end of the country to the other, have money for purposes of ignition. One has bags of gold, and the other has bags of grain, which is the same thing. The harvest of 1903 is already an assured success, and the factories and warehouses of Prosperity & Company, the old firm that will never fail, are full to overflowing and running night and day. The trumpeters of calamity would better hold their peace and endeavor to come in out of the cold of over-inflation and its logical twin sister, destruction, and make a frantic effort to locate under the cornucopia that is being lavishly emptied upon us by the farmer and the merchant.

LEGITIMATELY EXPENDED.

PAT—"Casey 's a funny chap. He saved up a hundred dollars fer funeral expinsis, in case he died, an' thin he wint an' got married wid it."
MIKE—"Well, thot wuz dom'd appropriate!"

GETTING A MOVE ON THEM.

HOSTESS—"Won't you sing something for us, Miss Screecher?"
MISS SCREECHER—"Why—er—most of the guests have gone home, have they not?"
HOSTESS—"Yes; but some of them seem inclined to stay here all night."

AN ARTISTIC REVELATION.

LL the things that bob and blow in the blooming mead
In wild ecstasy I paint, for the scads I need.
Oft I paint the golden-rod on the earthen jug;
On the tambourine I paint butterfly and bug.
As this is the kind of art that ne'er fetches fame,
On my airy splashes ne'er do I put my name.
For I have a level head, and whene'er I whizz
In the holy name of art it is purely biz.
While I have an appetite big to satisfy
With the oyster and the prune and the fleeting pie
I will paint the sort of stuff that corrals the gold,
That about the said layout I myself may fold
And proclaim unto the world e'er I'll be a go—
I, old Botticelli Mike Titian Angelo.

SHOULD BE EQUALIZED.

BECKONING the waiter, the guest says, "I see on the menu that this house charges extra for one order served to two guests."

"Yes, sir," answers the deferential waiter.

"Well, do you make any reduction for two orders served to one guest?"

"No, sir."

"Then I shall proceed to inform the manager of this gross injustice. It seems to me that the rule ought to work both ways."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

SARAH BOYD.

Pray let us remark that, with bliss unalloyed,
The people will sit while they list to Miss Boyd;
And 'neath the sweet spell of her presence will they
All shout in a tone that is happy and gay,
"Oh, she is the star of the bright sky of fame
Whose rays shine in 'Darkness and Daylight' the same!"

A GOOD REASON.

"Say, Weary, d' youse know dere's times when I jest can't drink a drop?"
"G'wan, youse! Wotcher givin' us? When 's dat?"
"Why, when I ain't got nuttin' ter drink."

HIS CHANCE.

"BEFORE marriage," asserted the soft-spoken, epigrammatic lecturer, "woman is an ideal; after marriage she is a fact."

At this point there was an interruption by Henry Penhecker, who had been compelled to attend the lecture in company with his intellectual wife. Mr. Penhecker, realizing that he was safe in a crowd, jumped to his feet and cried,

"And facts are stubborn things!"

Mrs. Penhecker, it may be said, had the heartfelt sympathy of most of the audience, as Mr. Penhecker and the lecturer were almost the only men present.

CAN IT BE?

THE two Russian belles are discussing their mutual friends.

"And there is Rosiekoff Dimitriskewatchiskebooliskevitch," says the first girl. "I think she is such a sweet thing! And don't you think her name is beautiful?"

"Oh, yes," concedes the second. "But I have heard—now don't you whisper this to a soul—I have heard that her name isn't all her own."

"Mercy! What do you mean?"

"It is hinted that she wears an artificial skevitch."

Kind fates preserve us! If the ladies in other parts of the world begin amplifying their names as they do their hair, we never shall know whether a lady is really possessed of the aristocratic cognomen engraved upon her cards, or is simply a plain Smith, Jones, or Brown.

HER AMBITION.

"I SEE you have my picture," said the bishop of a newly-erected diocese to the wife of one of his rectors.

"Yes, bishop," replied the lady with a smile. "I hope to have a large collection of pictures of bishops of our dear diocese."

DID YOU EVER SAY IT YOURSELF?

MR. COUNTRIEBORED—"Oh, isn't it sublime to be away from all cares and bustle, to lie here, drinking in the ozone amid the gentle lowing of the cattle and the singing of the birds? But I'd give about fourteen dollars to be under an electric fan on little old Broadway, with a high-ball in front of me."

AN ADVERTISING COURTESY.

THE explorer who is visiting the sheik in the Soudan is much impressed with his magnificent grove of trees.

"You have a splendid collection of trees," he says politely. "It must have taken much time and money to bring them together and plant them in such an orderly manner."

"Really," says the sheik, "they cost me nothing."

"You don't say?"

"It's a fact. You see, our insurance companies remember their patrons with a tree the first of each year."

"How odd! At home our insurance companies give us calendars."

"Which amounts to the same thing. These are date-trees."

THE PITY.

GIRL (*with infant*)—"De baby wuz born wid a veil."
BOY—"Hully gee! W'ot a pity dey ever took it off!"

WHERE HE LEARNED.

THE chance caller delights the parents of the new baby. When the infant says "Ooh, wah, oof, gooble, oohaw," he knows exactly what it says. When it asserts "Wooshy, boogaw, oofle, oofer," he immediately translates the speech.

"Why, Mr. Pullem!" exclaims the delighted mother, "I understand you have no children of your own. How in the world did you become so familiar with the prattle of little ones?"

"You forget that I am a dentist," he explains. "I have to know what a patient is trying to say when he has a rubber dam and four or five of my fingers blocking his speech."

A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

MRS. WOODBY-SITTER—"I can't pay more than six hundred."
MR. PAINES GREY—"Then, madam, I can't paint you. My price is one thousand, and I couldn't consider your figure."
MRS. WOODBY-SITTER—"Sir!"

BELLES-LETTRES.

HE gazed into her dreamy ii,
Till she said, ill at ee,
"The goo-goo glance I do not uu—
I pray you, sir, to cc."

FEMININE TIMIDITY.

OLD Betsey Nabors was one of the rudely picturesque characters of a large rural district in the mountains of Virginia. She was a great, muscular woman, her masculine appearance being emphasized by heavy boots and an immense bundle, since the gentle nomad carried her home on her back.

"I should think, Betsey," said one of the farm-wives, "that you'd be scared to death out in the woods all night."

"No, I ain't skeered o' nuthin'—exceptin' sometimes," she added with a shamefaced air, "I do be a bit shy of a b'ar."

"AND you say Kinder is tender-hearted?"

"Indeed, yes. He sandpapered his bald spot last week, so that the mosquitoes would not slip upon it and break their legs."

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THE GIRLS OF OUR TOWN.

THE BALTIMORE- GIRL.

She is a dainty spirit
That lights the poet's dream
And gilds his airy fancies
With ecstasy supreme

Until he sings serenely,
While in a dizzy whirl,
" Oh, Baltimore 's the garden
That grows the peerless girl.

" An oriole of beauty,
Likewise a bird of art,
She e'er a perch can capture
In any poet's heart."

THE LAST RESORT.

"THE last resort," writes Marjorie.
"Just two weeks more and I shall flee
To home and joys which, to my mind,
Are rarer than this hollow kind
Which fills one with satiety.

"I'm hungry, dear old Jack, to see
Your face and smile once more. How free
I'll feel when I have left behind
The last resort!"

Such scribbled sweets she sends to me
Might fill some other chap with glee;
But I—oh, well, I'm not so blind
But that between the lines I find
Something which tells me I must be
The last resort.

HILTON R. GREER.

DEDUCTION.

Miss Cutting—"Then you are an agnostic?"

Cholly Smallhed—"I never said so."

Miss Cutting—"No; but you said you only believed what you could understand."

FATAL MISTAKE.

"WHERE I lost out," explained the man who had expected to win the heiress, "was when they had a lot of charades and she had a key in her hair. Of course, the answer was 'something to adore,' because she had the key in a lock. Do you see?"

"Yes; but where did you lose?"

"Why, I called it a switch-key and guessed that, as well as headlight, and she never spoke to me again."

A WISE FELLOW.
"She asked me to try and guess her age."
"Did you do it?"
"Oh, no. We are still friends."

TO THE DISCARD.

"THOUGH I come in humble garments,"
Said the lover with a sigh;
Though upon my breast no baubles
Give their lustre for your eye;
Though no coronet bejeweled
Keeps my flowing ringlets down;
Though my head 's undecorated
With the glamour of a crown,

"Still, my hopes are ever soaring,
And I confidently sing
That, in your consideration,
I am every inch a king."
Then the maiden looked above him—
Looked above and on afar—
And with accents filled with meaning
She observed, "The deuce you are!"

HELPFUL HINT.

"I'VE got a promising colt," said the horse-trainer, "that I expect to put on the track next season."

"What do you call him?" asked the friend.

"Haven't named him yet. Don't know what to call him."

"I'll tell you. Call him Billiard Cue."

"Why?"

"Because he'll always be tipped to win."

COMPLIMENTARY.

The doctor's wife—"George writes that he has named his champion bulldog after you."

The doctor—"That's kind of him. I suppose he finds that the dog looks like me."

The doctor's wife—"He says not, but that the animal is a perfect glutton to kill."

GOOD MARKSMANSHIP.
TOURIST (*in Dakota*)—"How's the shooting about here—good?"
NATIVE—"Good? Why, it's so well-nigh puffict thet we've had ter build three additions to our cemetery in a year 'n a half."

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HARD LUCK—VERSU

Calamity howlers point to the slump in Wall street as evidence of the decline of go

ERSUS—HARD CASH.

ne of good times, but Prosperity & Company are still doing business at the old stand.

HER SONG.

I WASH the shirt, I wash the cuff;
I wash the skirt, I wash the ruff.

And while I wash, alert, elate,
I holler "bosh" and "scat" at fate,

And sing a prime old song that's sweet
While keeping time with both my feet,

And see through fogs blue skies that shine
When I the togs hang on the line.

THAT IS THE WAY.

"I AM told," said Mr. Bunting to Colonel Corkwright of Kentucky, "that two hundred thousand dollars' worth of water is wasted every year in Chicago."

"They drink it, I suppose," guessed the Kentuckian.

HIS SONG.

WHILE looking out across the blue
The white-winged craft I note
Which doth my soul with joy imbue
On seas of dream afloat,

Because I think about the time
When up the rigging steep
I clambered to a lilting rhyme
Upon the rolling deep.

Ah, now I'm full of rheumatiz,
And I can climb no more,
Nor on the high seas whirl and whizz—
I now must stay on shore

And sell the jolly sailorman
The rum that makes him blind,
And dance my hornpipe spick and span
Within my blooming mind.

DOUBTLESS HE WAS LION.

"MY DEER," said the timid gazelle, "are you going to that stag party to-night?"

"I must," he answered. "You know it is given by the elks, and I am a member."

"But I have heard that they buck the tiger at such affairs."

"That is a canard. We have nothing but innocent amoosements."

"It is all right, then," said the trusting wife. "I only feared that you might grow too fawned of such affairs."

"Never," he assured her. "I shall only stay long enough to feed the pet kitty, for there is a tie that lynx me too strongly to my home to permit my remaining late.'

Thus he kept her off his trail.

"THE breath of suspicion has never touched me," he said.

"Oh, I don't know," said his wife. "I have often detected the odor of cloves when you came home late."

JEALOUSY.

SALLIE STORK—"Well, I don't see what you men admire about her figure."

THE WRONG OPENING.

PA—"Mother, here is a letter from our boy. He hez landed in Noo York alright, an' he sez thet he wuz successful in findin' an openin' the fust day he got there."

MA—"Ain't thet fine? I jes' noo Hy 'd find somethin', fer he always wuz lucky in droppin' inter likely places."

The opening that Hy found.

Persons prone to color-changing and blushing—which are due to a variety of causes from a delicate organism concealed in womankind—make use, for treatment of their faces, of products the chemical activity of which is sometimes a positive danger. We recommend to them an absolutely harmless cream, the "Crème Huvé de la Providence," which has given excellent results for the many years past since Guerlain first discovered the secret of its composition.

Nell—"She has an automobile tongue."
Belle—"What do you mean?"
Nell—"Oh, she's always running other people down."—*Philadelphia Record.*

DR. A. GROYEN, ROYAL MEDICAL STAFF, BERLIN,
recommends Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters as the most effective stomachic and nervine used by medical men.

"Did you have a good time when you were away?"
"No. It was a terrible bore. A woman that my husband used to be engaged to sat at the same table with us."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Pure blood, bright eyes, bounding step, high spirits, good health—synonymous with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, intelligently used. Test it.

Nell—"Why was their engagement broken off?"
Belle—"He told her he was unworthy of her."
Nell—"Oh, they all say that."
Belle—"Yes; but she took him at his word."—*Philadelphia Record.*

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"There's one thing about me that I don't understand," said Tommy thoughtfully, "and that's why it is that making marks on wall papers is such lots of fun, and making 'em on copy-books in school is such hard work."—*Household Ledger.*

ART OF REST.

MAY BE ACQUIRED AND USED WITH GREAT BENEFIT.

Complete and restful poise of the body and mind is an art not easily gained.

Perhaps nothing brings one as much content, comfort, happiness, and pleasure as those conditions of easy, restful, resourceful, and well-balanced mind and body, that make of work a pleasure and the daily life happy and peaceful.

The nervous housewife, busy with a hundred duties and harassed by children; the business man, worried with the press of daily affairs, debts, etc., cannot enjoy the peace and restful repose and healthful nervous balance unless they know how.

There is a way. First and foremost the stomach must be consulted. That means leaving off coffee absolutely, for the temporary stimulant and the resulting depression is a sure ruin to the nervous system, and the whole condition of health and happiness rests upon stomach, nerves, and mind.

Start with the stomach, that is the keystone to the whole arch. Stop using things that break down its power, upset its nervous energy, and prevent the proper digestion of the food and the consequent manufacture of healthful blood and nerves, brain, and tissues.

When you quit coffee take on Postum Food Coffee. That is like stopping the payment of interest and starting on a career where you are loaning money and receiving interest. The good results are double. You stop poisoning the system with coffee and start building up the broken down nerve cells by powerful elements contained in Postum. These are pure food elements ably selected by experts for the purpose of supplying just the thing required by nature to perform this rebuilding.

These are solid, substantial facts and can be proven clearly to the satisfaction of any one by personal experience. Try the change yourself and note how the old condition of shattered nerves and worried mind changes to that feeling of restful poise of a well-balanced nervous system.

The managing physician of a hygienic sanitarium in Indiana says that for five years in his practice he has always insisted upon the patients leaving off coffee and taking Postum Food Coffee, with the most positive, well-defined results and with satisfaction to the most confirmed coffee toper.

The doctor's name will be furnished by the Postum Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

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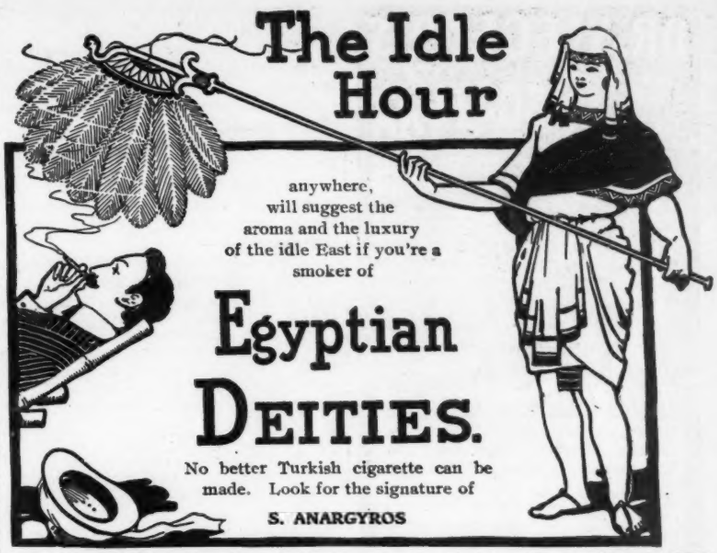

Mrs. Hatterson—"You don't mean to say that you have no theories about the education of children?"
Mrs. Catterson—"No. I have too many children."—*Town and Country.*

When you are out yachting, don't forget to stow away some of that famous Champagne, *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry.*

"You need a rest."
"But I haven't done any work for years, doctor."
"Then you need a change."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Grace is greatly worried. She can't decide where to go on her bridal tour."
"When is she to be married?"
"The date hasn't been fixed yet."
"Whom is she going to wed?"
"That's another detail that is yet to be arranged. But she has her trousseau all planned."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Larry—"Phwat are yez doin' wid thim dog-biscuit, Pat?"
Pat—"Sure, the doctor said I needed more animal food."—*Philadelphia Record.*

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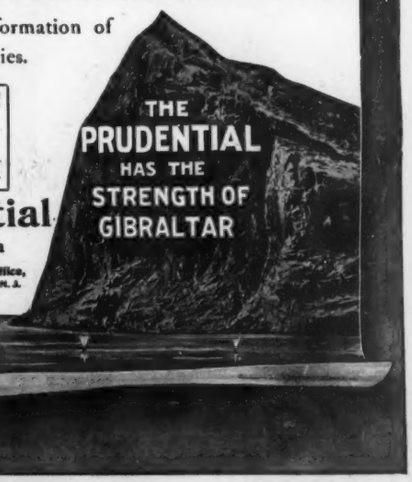

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"Who lives in that little cottage down there by the lane?"

"There dwells the man who wrote the poem that made Beasley's shaving soap famous."

"And who resides in the splendid mansion on yonder hill?"

"Beasley."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Mr. Mills," said the spokesman of the workingmen's committee, "we have come to tell you, sir, that we want shorter hours, and"——

"Very well," interrupted the busy manufacturer, "we'll begin right off with shorter dinner hours."—*Philadelphia Press.*

The tone of the Sohmer Piano is particularly distinguished on account of its volume and purity, its richness and singing quality, and its sympathetic character throughout the entire scale.

"What a queer fad Mrs. Dashington has started since returning from her latest visit to South Dakota."

"Do you mean the popular society favorite who has had so many divorces?"

"Yes. She has had her wedding-rings put on a chain and is wearing them as a necklace. It is awfully fetching, too."—*New York Herald.*

"Are you playing horse?" asked the benevolent gentleman who takes an interest in children.

"Certainly not," answered the little Boston boy. "We are amusing ourselves by the assumption that Brother Waldo is an ichthyosaurus and that I am a prehistoric man in pursuit of him."—*Washington Star.*

Affrighted, he turned on his pursuer.

"You black thing, why do you follow me constantly? What are you?"

"I am your sunshine companion," mockingly replied is shadow.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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SECOND TRAMP—"Wot did dey do to Weary?"

FIRST TRAMP—"Fined him ten dollars fer killin' de man an' giv him ten years fer stealin' de auto."

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FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.
Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate.
Made instantly—hot water or milk.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1316 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

She was going away. "Oh, John!" she sobbed. "J-John, are y-you quite sure you'll m-miss me?"

"Darlin,g" replied her big husband, "I'll miss you as much as I do the morning train."

Thus assured, she picked up her grip and, with a sweet smile, started for the seashore.—*Chicago News.*

"I see by the paper," said the wife at the breakfast-table, "that Bargen & Co. are advertising 'summer silks reduced to seventy-five cents.' The advertisement says they're very rich and"——

"They are comparatively rich," interrupted her husband, "for I'm reduced to fifty cents."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Tom—"I had my fortune told the other day and my fiancée broke off the engagement."

Jack—"Why, is she a believer in such nonsense?"

Tom—"Nonsense nothing! It was told her by a mercantile agency."—*Chicago Daily News.*

That lost appetite easily restored by Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Take none but the genuine. At grocers' and druggists'.

Teacher—"What is an Indian's wife called?"

Pupil—"A squaw."

Teacher—"Correct; now what is an Indian's baby called?"

Pupil—"A squawker."—*Boston Christian Register.*

"You never applaud at a concert."

"No," answered Mr. Cumrox. "If I enjoy a piece well enough to applaud it, I know by that fact that it isn't the sort of music that mother and the girls would approve of my applauding."—*Washington Star.*

Thinne—"Oh, I wish I had your voice!"

Thiccke—"No doubt you would enjoy using it."

Thinne—"No; tain't that, but I was thinking if it were mine I could stop it when I liked."—*Boston Post.*

A CRISIS.

HIS BETTER AND STOUTER HALF—"Oh, Charley, if we're upset, you mean to say you expect me to get into *this?*"

Horror-stricken husband has no answer ready.

Milo

The Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

At your club or dealer's.

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"What ails the sailors' chorus, pray?"
For there was quite a hitch.
The manager replied, "Why, sir,
The tars can't get the pitch."
—*New York Sun.*

Old gentleman—"Your singing, Miss Taylor, is like attar of roses"——

Miss Taylor (with a gratified smile)—"Oh, you are too flattering."

Old gentleman (continuing)—"A little of it goes a long ways."—*San Francisco Wasp.*

Where to Dine
IN NEW YORK.
Places Commended by JUDGE

Cafe des Beaux Arts — Cuisine Française par excellence. Select and exclusive restaurant. Musique et Chants des Troubadours. 80 West 40th St.

Cafe Boulevard — Alc. Tdh. Hungarian Gypsy Band. 2d Av. and 10th St.

Jack's — 43d St. and 6th Av. 74th and Columbus. Noted for shell fish and game.

Cavanagh's — 258 W. 23d St. Ladies' and gentlemen's Chop House & Restaurant. Alc. Music.

Hotel Hungaria — 4 Union Sq. E. Tdh. Luncheon, 50c. Dinner, 75c. (with wine $1).

Park Ave. Hotel — Most attractive Dining Parlors in city. Tdh. $1; 6 to 8 p. m. Alc. all hours.

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Best in Other Cities.

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Beside purity, there's nothing more important in beer than the yeast.

We experimented for years to get a yeast that was right—a yeast that would give a better flavor than any other beer had.

When we got it we saved the mother cells. And all the yeast used in Schlitz beer from that time, and forever, is developed from those original cells.

But its best goodness is purity

Drinking Schlitz Beer means drinking good health.

Not another beverage which you drink is so carefully made. We even filter all the air that touches it, and sterilize every bottle after it is sealed.

Yet the price of common beer buys it.

Ask for the brewery bottling.

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In the pride of hospitality the host says· I sought the best and now always buy

Hunter Baltimore Rye

For its uniform and refined

Quality
Purity
Flavor

which never disappoint.

It is a need to health, a comfort and charm —and gladsome cheer of good fellowship.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

"We're glad to welcome you into our little family, Mr. Newman," said Mrs. Starvem. "Our boarders almost invariably get fat."

"Yes," replied the new boarder, who was not, however, new to boarding; "I've noticed the same in most boarding-houses. It's cheaper than meat, isn't it?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

The following style of typewritten letter is suggested for use when you don't care to say it right out.

"Dear $ir—You will plea$e excu$e thi$, but I am $orry to $ay that the letter $ i$ mi$$ing from thi$ typewriter, wherea$ I cannot do better. I wi$h to $ay, however, that if you $hould happen up $treet $ome day $oon, I would con$ider it a $ource of great plea$ure if you would $top in and $ee u$ about a certain $mall matter that $hould be $ettled. Your $incere $ervant," etc.—*Columbia Dispatch.*

First farmer—"Blessed if I think the agricultural department is any good at all."

Second farmer—"What's the trouble?"

First farmer—"Well, I wrote to 'em to find out how high wheat was goin' up to, an' I couldn't git no satisfaction at all."—*Tit-Bits.*

"You used to sing 'Every morn I send you violets,' before we were married," said Mrs. Brimkin, with a sigh.

"Yes," answered Mr. Brimkin; "but my devotion has taken a more practical form. Every month I pay the meat bill."—*Washington Star.*

Gritty George—"Yer look pretty well used up, pard."

Timothy Ties—"Yes; I went up to see dat lady in de wayside cottage. Somebody told me she was keeping 'open house.'"

Gritty George—"Was de information correct?"

Timothy Ties—"Yes; she was keeping an open dog-house."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Student—"What kind of treatment would you recommend for inebriates, professor?"

Professor—"I wouldn't recommend any. The worst possible thing you can do for an inebriate is to treat him."—*Buffalo News.*

"Mr. Gruff," said the old physician, "why don't you let your son study medicine? Make a doctor of him."

"No, sir!" the old man replied promptly. "My motto has always been 'Live, and let live,' and I want him to do the same."—*Philadelphia Press.*

AGAIN WE SAY

That it does not matter what assertions or claims are made by others, *the fact* still remains that a HAND-MADE SOUR MASH Whiskey is far superior to any other.—Compare

OLD CROW RYE

with any of them. *It has never been equalled*

H. B. Kirk & Co. Sole Bottlers, N. Y.

Helen—"George proposed to me last evening. He's my idea of what a hero should be."

Nellie—"He certainly is very courageous."—*Boston Transcript.*

Knicker—"I understand the fellow Miss Manybeaux married was a dark horse."

Bocker—"No; he was a blond donkey."—*New York Sun.*

Blobbs—"I overheard Guzzler shooting off his mouth at you last night."

Slobbs—"Yes, I didn't know he was loaded."—*Philadelphia Record.*

WHAT HE'D HAVE.

CHIMMY—"How much fer dat diamond ring in dere—de big one?"
JEWELER—"Four hundred dollars."
CHIMMY—"Say, Mag, would yer sooner hev dat er a plate uv ice-cream?"

"HERE'S TO A QUICK RUN."

It's a wise steward that fills his lockers with a goodly supply of

Dewar's Scotch

("The Whisky of Distinction")

The number of empty Dewar's Scotch Whisky bottles washed up on the beaches show that the average yachtsman knows a good thing and uses it.

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Olds Motor Works
DETROIT, U. S. A.
Members of the Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

Philosopher—"Are you going to publish an essay I left with you?"

Editor—"Not as prose. I've read it and I can't see that it means anything. I think if you'll let me cut it up into line lengths it would run first-rate as a series of heretofore unpublished sonnets by Browning."—*Boston Transcript.*

Dentist—"I think I'll have to remove the nerve."

Patient—"Don't do that, doctor. I'm an insurance agent."—*Comfort.*

'Twas just to kill time that he wrote
His poetry, he said;
Which fills us with surprise to note
That time is not yet dead.
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Mrs. Newlwed—"I made a big batch of these biscuits to-day."

Mr. Newlwed—"You did, indeed, dear."

Mrs. Newlwed—"How do you know how big a batch I made?"

Mr. Newlwed—"Oh, I thought you said 'botch'."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Don't pull yer gun in this here court," said the Billville justice. "You've got to respect the dignity which you see lyin' loose 'round here. If you want to kill a man whilst court 's in session, I'll find you for contempt."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Captain (of visiting ball team)—"The grounds are too wet for a game to-day, I guess."

Local manager—"When it's as near the end of the season as this, cap'n, the grounds are never too wet for a game. See?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

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WHISKEY
Bottled in Bond
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The
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To
St. Louis
Write for Folders.
Warren J. Lynch, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
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CINCINNATI, OHIO.

There are some people whose use in the world it would be as hard to define as the use of pieces of parsley draped around meat on the table.—*Atchison Globe.*

ROMEIKE'S Press Cutting Bureau will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched. Terms, $5.00 for 100 notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

He—"That bull-terrier of yours has a speaking countenance, hasn't he?"

She—"Do you think so?"

He—"Yes; it says to me plainly as words could, 'Beware of the dog'!"—*Kansas City Journal.*

"If you'll notice," said Finnick, "the poets invariably say 'she' when referring to the earth. Why should the earth be considered feminine?"

"Why not? Nobody knows just how old the earth is."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Sir," began the beggar, approaching a promenader on Bongtong square, "I am in distress"——

"Here's a nickel for you," said the promenader, proffering the coin.

"Pardon me," replied the beggar, scornfully, "but I cannot accept anything less than a dime on a fashionable street like this."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Mrs. Illington—"Herbert, you are breaking my heart! Only think of their finding you at three this morning hugging a lamp-post!"

Illington—"My dear, it surely isn't possible that you are jealous of a lamp-post?"—*New Yorker.*

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"Bottled in Bond"
Direct from the Barrel under U. S. Government Supervision and Regulations
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HARRY—"I can't give the exact figures, but it's a small fortune!"

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Guest (in cheap restaurant)—"Well, waiter, what have you got?"

Waiter—"Beefsteak and fish—but the fish is all out. Which 'll you have?"—*Chicago News.*

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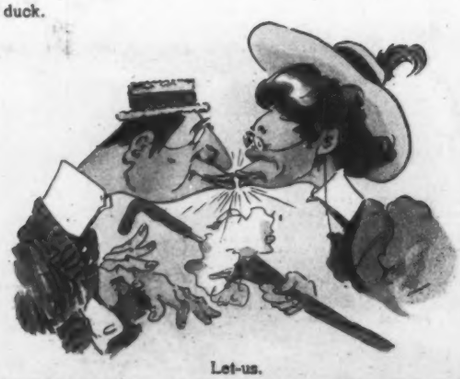

Let-us.

Red-dishes.

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"JUDGE'S" ILLUSTRATED TABLE D'HÔTE.